

# Don Johnson Big Band, 24h

(24 hours a day - worldwide)

the mind is in control of the city from its divinity  
to the vanity, the unholy sub-urban trinity  
how pretty, the city, but pity the ones in its web  
hoping they fled from June back to February  
the unnecessary variations of nothing very elementary  
primary objective that no one can hear, very severe  
revere the rhythm of metropolitan fear  
the tempo is set in the network of traffic lights near  
people like mountain deer fear wandering in the clear  
existence depending on a light only visible from a distance  
faces of solitude in resistance  
the thesis, anti-thesis, synthesis  
a rap dialect of rec-record releases  
thoughts deconstructed into thin pieces  
still while the element of skill increases

tic-toc I'm losing seconds every second  
and I reckon the tic-toc is like  
the sound of the rhyme of the weapon of time  
letting the crime pass, forgetting the time cast  
harassed to fast, making the moment last  
gotta notice the line from where the boldest will find  
everything they seek as the oldest in line  
the predestined sign to go testing, trying  
and you know you can't tell if they're resting or dying  
this city can only breathe through graffiti and oak trees  
note please the treaty immediately evoke these  
memories of summer breeze and sunshine  
I hope these are the memories that once shine like a punchline  
through the lazy hours of lunchtime or breakfast  
champions quietly getting reckless  
the diamond neckless syndrome that might infect us  
intoned correctness, the homo erectus

toxic osmosis of musically venomous elements  
is the natural result of the most recent developments  
like elephants running through the streets and settlements  
no eloquence, every single word is without relevance  
the prevalence of mass hysteria ever growing  
lyrical dams to prevent the rhyme flowing  
and the deeper the darkness the brighter the glowing  
of knowing the answer before the wind starts blowing  
so you run from everything you can't quite conceive  
and relieve the mind from the stress  
leave behind the rest, be divine to vest  
the interest into nothing but the monetary gains you invest  
the artist formerly known as Metropolis  
a goddess, topless, chocolate apocalypse  
modest reckless regards to the gods, what are the odds?  
greeting cards from the foot of the Acropolis